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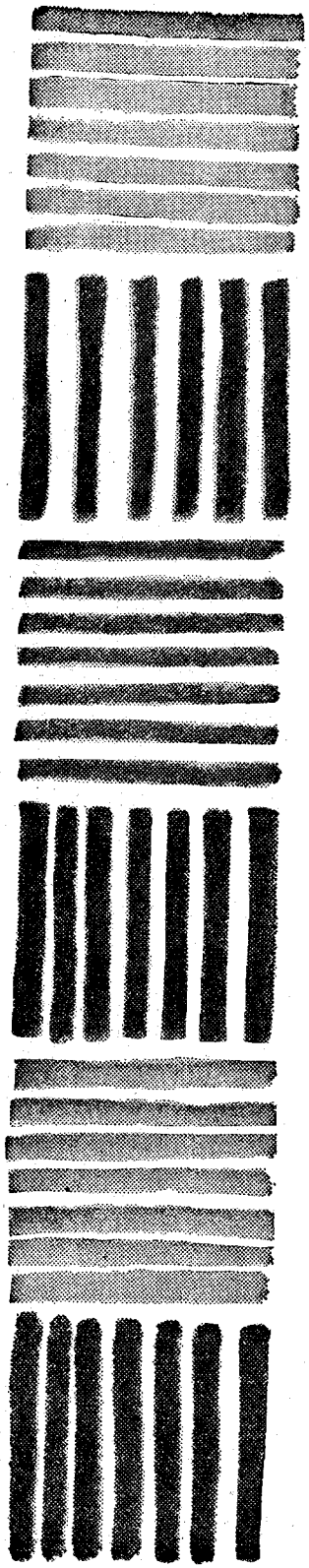

Peril — or Promise?

Soviet Oil Exports

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How Metadiplomacy Works

JAMES DONOVAN AND CASTRO

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LETTERS

Katanga sources

Accra, Ghana

Dear Sirs: I should like, without attempting to enter into controversy with you or your reviewer, Miss Jane Stolle [March 23, 1963], about the merits or demerits of my book *To Katanga and Back*, to make one technical point about it. Miss Stolle says future historians will "find Gordon's book, if less readable than O'Brien's, to contain the more useful source material. Written in the dignified language of the UN documents with which he fully annotates it, Gordon gives the most comprehensive and authoritative account, etc., etc." As my book is a primary source and, on many points, the only source, for an important phase of the UN operation, it will be necessary source material for all future historians of this subject. A book based on UN documents is not a primary source and future historians therefore need not necessarily concern themselves with such a work—except in the unlikely event of all UN documentation being destroyed by some cataclysm in which the work in question was spared.

Conor Cruise O'Brien
University of Ghana

Useful tocsin

New York City

Dear Sirs: The American political scene has long awaited the appraisal rendered it by Messrs. Rousseas and Farganis ["Retreat of the Idealists," March 23]. It has been too long since Americans have been told to reawaken and reconcern themselves with the political life around them.

We must learn to realize that all that is happening is not necessarily good and realize that what is needed may not be occurring on the political front. If there is an "end of ideology" it is our own fault. . . . We need the vitality and awareness of the New Deal era. *Bruce D. Rogers*

Motels and fun

New York City

Dear Sirs: Re "The Motel Comes to Town" by Eugene Raskin, which appeared in your March 9 issue: As a realtor and a consultant in the motel-hotel industry, I was very disappointed by Mr. Raskin's glib presentation. . . .

Mr. Raskin directs the charge of blight and slum-developing against motels. First, the financial expenditure involved in building a motel today is too great for anyone concerned to risk creating a slum. In fact, motels often raise the value of a neighborhood. Second, the design of a motel is a matter of taste and business: a motel is not meant as a decoration, but as a business. What Mr. Raskin characterizes as "questionable beauty" might not seem so questionable were he to earn his living from a motel.

Mr. Raskin himself notes that practically no new hotels have been built in the city in the past thirty years. The city needs new transient accommodations. The entire motel-hotel situation in a city must be viewed as one; what is happening today is not "an invasion" but an updating and enlarging of facilities. It is true that there is over-building, but this charge must also be leveled at the large-scale residential and commercial construction undertaken in recent years. . . . Competition does not lead inevitably to deterioration, as Mr. Raskin implies: rather, economies of construction and operation must be practiced, and the guest benefits from it all.

As to the contention that motels are "fun, fun, fun," the fact is that of the two types of motel business—tourist and commercial—the latter, businessmen on business, accounts for by far the larger part of the industry's business. The resort motel is, of course, in a different category. Resorts are meant to be fun; if Mr. Raskin disapproves of fun, let him say so directly, instead of censuring motels. . . . *Stephen W. Brener*

New York City

Dear Sirs: Although Mr. Brener presents himself as opposed to what I said in my article on motels, his arguments are for the most part paraphrases of my own, making it a bit hard for me to reply, except to nod agreement.

In one or two instances he goes further than I: for example, he says, ". . . A motel is not meant as a decoration but as a business." I refrained from attributing such totally crass attitudes to motel builders. When he says, "It is true that there is over-building, but this charge must also be leveled at the large-scale residential and commercial construction undertaken in recent years," I feel that he is widening the scope of my criticism, rather than refuting it.

On two points he definitely disagrees with me. One, he does not think the new motels will deteriorate. "Rather," says he, "economies of construction and operation must be practiced, and the guest benefits from it all." I fear that his optimism is not borne out by the visible history of apartment and hotel buildings. Two, he does not think, as I do, that motels are "fun." Fun being a subjective matter, I cannot argue with him on this. Motels may not be fun to him. To me they are loads of fun. But then, as he himself points out, I do not earn my living from motels, as he does.

Eugene Raskin

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No Great Loss

Like motherhood, foreign aid has a good sound. But, just as motherhood is not *always* good, neither is foreign aid. It depends on objectives. One can conceive of circumstances under which not four billions, but forty, could be channeled into foreign aid to the benefit of the United States and the world, but these circumstances have not existed and do not exist now. As an ancillary to the cold war, foreign aid has been a mixed blessing, both to those who gave and those who received; nor has it improved with the passage of time.

The President's message to the Congress extolling the foreign-aid program begins with a misapplied quotation from Milton: "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Foreign aid has never been a peace program; it has never been predominantly a program of good will and good works; it would never have gotten under way without cold-war impulsions. The reason it has never received ardent support from the Congress, after its Marshall Plan phase, is that Congressmen, for the most part, would have preferred to put the entire program, instead of only half of it, on an outright military basis. It is perfectly true, as the President says, that "The richest country in the world would surely be justified in spending less than 1 per cent of its national income on assistance to its less fortunate sister nations solely as a matter of international responsibility. . . ." It would be justified in spending far more if that were indeed the reason. But this is rhetoric wholly divorced from the facts of international relations. As the program is reduced in scope and the financing dries up, as it will in successive steps, a few admirable projects will suffer, but no one will regret the slashes in aid to our pet dictatorships — except, of course, the grafters and tyrants who have been living on the American taxpayer's bounty. One has only to look at conditions in South Vietnam and South Korea to see the flaws in the President's special pleading.

It is entirely possible that the President himself is not seriously devoted to foreign aid and is perfectly willing to see it interred after a decent interval. Such a view is not inconsistent with the skill in manipulation with which he has been credited. The appointment of the Clay committee was a first step. Its personnel could hardly have been chosen with an eye either to the continuation or reform of the program. No one wants to use an ax on projects which, if summarily destroyed, might have undesirable repercussions; but the tenor of the Clay report was clearly one of constriction and concentration of disbursements in this hemisphere (see editorial, "Fortress Americas," April 6 issue). As a prudent politician, the President goes along with these findings. As a politician, also, he cannot pass up an opportunity to play on sentiment, and this he does in his message. He solicits a continuation of aid for these sister nations of ours who so deserve it, but by all indications most of them will have to get along with less and less and, finally, nothing. It is painful to add that aid is likely to continue longest where it should never have been given in the first place. If so, however, the last phases of the program will be entirely consistent with what has gone before.

Practice Makes Perfect

One would think that with the overwhelming American forces concentrated in the Caribbean, American air assistance could reach a vessel under Cuban attack 200 miles from Florida in less than an hour and, in the other direction, that the Coast Guard and Navy would find it possible to prevent Cuban refugees from launching hit-and-run raids against Cuban and Russian shipping. Until now, the latter task has apparently been beyond our capacity, but shortly after the British seized a launch manned by anti-Castro Cubans near a small island in the Bahamas chain, customs agents in Miami seized another motorboat apparently intended for a similar mission. The Navy and Coast Guard as yet have had no opportunity to show that they can cope with the embattled Cuban exiles. Clearly, however, a small war between the exiles and their PT-boats on the one hand, and the dozens of destroyers, cruisers, submarines and aircraft the Navy has deployed in Caribbean waters, might actually enhance the security of the United States. The only way in which a weak faction can hope to further its objectives is to embroil a strong ally on its side. The Cuban exiles of 1895 operated on that theory and succeeded—partly, of course, because American business interests of the time coincided generally with their aims. The Cuban exiles of 1963, different as they are in other respects, are pursuing a similar strategy. As they are not the first, neither are they the last, who will play at that game.

The game will be played the more assiduously as foreign aid pours from Uncle Sam's cornucopia in diminished volume, and as time runs out on aging crusaders in various parts of the world. Admiral Jerauld Wright, *The New York Times* reports from Washington, is about to replace Admiral Alan G. Kirk in the "difficult post" of Ambassador to Nationalist China. Like Admiral Kirk, the report goes on, Admiral Wright has had extensive experience in combat, particularly in amphibious operations. This does not mean what it would seem to mean — that Chiang Kai-shek is to receive technical advice on the conduct of amphibious operations against Red China. It means just the opposite. The job of an American admiral attached to Chiang's court is "to restrain the more extreme

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ambitions" of the Generalissimo, i.e., to prevent him from escaping from his strait jacket and running amok. The patient is more likely to do this, obviously, when his tranquilizers are withdrawn — as by all indications they will be ultimately, though not for the immediate future.

Thus the function of the Seventh Fleet may change as the century wears on. And since the dignity of a flag officer will not suffer him to chase motor launches personally, it is well that an adequate force of junior officers should gain such experience in the Caribbean, for future use elsewhere.

Someone Had a Good Idea

In California, Governor Pat Brown and other humane citizens have been trying for years to abolish the death penalty. Other good citizens are prepared to fight to the death to keep it. In New York, abolition has been attained with a minimum of commotion. The death penalty remains on the books, but, if Governor Rockefeller signs a bill which has passed both houses of the legislature, it will in effect be rescinded.

Under present New York law, juries cannot recommend mercy in a case of premeditated murder. Under the proposed law, the jury will deliberate in the usual way and find the defendant guilty or not guilty. If he is found guilty, the judge will conduct a hearing before the same jury, or another jury, to decide on punishment. If the jury unanimously agrees on the death penalty, the judge will impose it. If the jury agrees unanimously on life imprisonment, that sentence will be imposed. If the jury is unable to reach unanimous agreement, the judge will be free to impose a life sentence; alternatively, he can impanel another jury and put the question of punishment up to it. There will be few juries on which one member will not hold out against capital punishment, and few judges who will insist on it.

The bill passed the Assembly by 110 to 13 on March 21, which happened to be a day on which a murderer was executed. It passed the Assembly by 55 to 2. The sentiment of the legislators is clear, and it is to be hoped that Governor Rockefeller will acquiesce in this extraordinarily sensible solution.

The S. S. 'Lunatic'

London

In the Kremlin, the Pentagon and Whitehall the quaint idea prevails that one can apply principles of defense which were valid in the pre-nuclear age to today's situations. The old politicians cling, for instance, to the traditional idea that an effective military alliance can consist of a collection of sovereign states each with a right to veto, each with a right to be consulted before action is taken. To suppose that any credibility can attach to a nuclear deterrent whose use is subject to decision by a committee—and a multinational committee, at that—is to live in dreamland.

One of the fantasies which have emerged from this Walt Disney approach to defense is what the London *Times* has called "weird apparitions such as polyglot crews on phony freighters"—the proposal for nuclear-armed surface ships carrying NATO crews of mixed nationalities. Are these ships to be considered "war vessels" (in which case they will be shadowed constantly by submarines)? Lacking political unity at government level, the problem—almost insoluble—of the multinational crews is made no easier by putting it on the surface of the water, instead of under the water as in the Polaris submarines. The whole ridiculous notion is designed to divert attention from the real problem, the political problem, which has been exposed by de Gaulle's determination to go it alone.

There are three logical policies in nuclear defense: *One*, for all powers to strive to become independent nuclear states—the clear way for the destruction of civilization; *two*, for the United States to remain the repository of nuclear strength in the West and to do what can be done (which is not much) to consult the other allies in planning; and *three*, to create a NATO nuclear force under a NATO political control—which means a politically united Europe that is not in sight.

There is, of course, a fourth policy, which I advocate: Great Britain should abandon unilaterally the use of nuclear energy for military purposes and thus endeavor to create a non-nuclear group of nations.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall, author of Defense in The Nuclear Age, *has a distinguished record of service in the British Navy.*

Don't Knock on This Door

The knock on the door in the small hours of the morning, a practice instantly suggesting police-state methods, has been resorted to recently in California as a way to trap relief patrons who break the regulations. The homes subject to surprise visits at unconventional hours are those receiving help under Aid to Needy Children legislation, which stipulates that no man shall be resident in the household.

The overtones are so ugly, the "visits" — popularly called raids — so obviously offend against the citizen's right to privacy, that labor and welfare organizations in the state are alarmed, and even the officials who have ordered the investigations seem embarrassed by them. But how can the agencies assure themselves that an unemployed husband has not sneaked back to his family, how can they be certain that the mother has not taken a lover, unless they invite themselves into such domiciles before the family is up and check the beds?

The answer is, of course, that there is no other way. But when a regulation can be administered only by noxious means, it almost invariably turns out that there is something wrong with the regulation. The principle, quite widespread in this country, that children can be declared needy only if their mother is not cohabiting with a man is utterly unrealistic and

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an open invitation to fraud. The fact that there is around the house a husband or male friend who cannot or will not find work has no bearing on the children's need for food and clothing or on the mother's ability to provide them. It is impossible to avoid the suspicion that relief provided on this illogical basis reflects the tenacious myth that poverty is a kind of crime: a woman who needs help to sustain her children should pay her "debt to society" by thwarting her sexuality. The introduction of punitive sanctions into social welfare is cruel and pointless. Aid should be given to children according to their needs and not according to the intimate life of their mother. If the mother can be shown to be an unsuitable guardian, the state has other powers at its command. (For another aspect of the needs of children, one that has become an acute national problem, see the article by Richard Haitch on page 306 of this issue.)

Gridiron on the Grid

In a sensational article by Frank Graham, Jr., the *Saturday Evening Post* accused the revered Wally Butts, athletic director of the University of Georgia, of divulging to Paul (Bear) Bryant, head football coach of the University of Alabama, "all the significant secrets"—signals, plays, defense patterns, etc.—that Georgia possessed. The result, according to the *Post*, was that on September 22, 1962, Alabama inflicted an earth-shaking defeat on Georgia, 35-0, whereas, according to the betting, Alabama should have won by only 14 to 17 points. The article was embellished by photographs of the great educators involved, including one showing Wally leading the Georgia squad in a locker-room prayer. This prayer proved inefficacious, but another, in which the Alabama cheer leaders got down on their knees to plead for a touchdown, resulted in a miracle: Alabama scored no less than five.

In the ensuing investigation by Attorney General Eugene Cook of Georgia some amazing facts were uncovered and set forth in a presentment to Governor Carl E. Sanders. One, the result of intensive questioning of the entire coaching staff of the University of Georgia (with one exception) was that receipt of information with respect to the opponent's offensive and defensive plays, patterns and formations prior to a game can affect the outcome. Apparently no one had ever suspected this. The other pieces of data which Mr. Cook gave to the world were that Wally had a net worth of $205,988 (assets $349,287, less liabilities of $143,299) and that prior to the game he had made telephone calls to "persons known to be interested in gambling." Wally indignantly denied that these calls had anything to do with the topic in which these persons were allegedly interested.

In New York, the district attorney's office is busy with several cases involving the fixing of basketball games. In Detroit, Chicago and other points on the professional football circuit, there are ugly rumors concerning associations between players and gamblers. But in the Southland, the magnolias are blooming (or have bloomed) and spring should not be defiled by sordid thoughts. Sports lovers will continue to believe that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, especially in Georgia and Alabama.

How Metadiplomacy Works

JAMES DONOVAN and CASTRO

Gertrude Samuels

For the past several months, a strange and fascinating drama, reminiscent of cloak-and-dagger doings and with rapid scene shifts from New York to Miami and Havana, has been evolving—virtually unnoticed during the New York newspaper blackout. Though the drama has had a variable cast, its star has been constant. Unlike most stars, however, this one is thankful when he doesn't get notices. He is James B. Donovan, who for many months, and all through the missile crisis, has been the sole direct channel between the United States and Cuba.

Ostensibly a private citizen, with no diplomatic status or immunity, he has been playing a key role in a delicate and volatile situation. After the ill-conceived, American-sponsored Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, the forty-seven-year-old New York lawyer and vice president of the Board of Education agreed to serve as counsel without pay to the Cuban Families Committee for Liberation of Prisoners of War. Now he has one humanitarian mission behind him and another to start on.

In the past months, with the warm cooperation of Washington, Donovan has been able to trade men — 1,163 Cuban prisoner-survivors of the invasion, and some 3,500 of their relatives — for $53 million worth of medicine and medical instruments that the Cuban people needed. Backstopping this effort was a joint team of State and Justice Department officials who helped Donovan to induce a host of drug and food manufacturers to make the donations, which were to be privately transported by land, sea and air. But the actual negotiations with Castro, the need to convince the Premier that the mission was truly private and humanitarian — not the prelude to another invasion — was left up to the volunteer, Donovan.

Now Donovan is attempting to bring home, on some undisclosed basis, thirty-three American prisoners, including nine skin-divers whom Castro has called "saboteurs" and Donovan says were shipwrecked. In this strange drama which plays to a limited audience, Donovan has few lines that he is at

Gertrude Samuels is a staff writer on The New York Times *Sunday magazine and author of* B-G: Fighter of Goliaths, The Story of Ben-Gurion.

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liberty to deliver to Americans. But it is no secret that the prematurely white-haired veteran of many similar missions, with his deceptively benign face and manners, holds the stubborn hope that his current mission will broaden beyond the immediate rescues — that he is setting the stage for some sort of conciliation between the American and the Cuban people.

Donovan strikes one as a quiet American, but with a very definite, highly individualistic point of view. The bare mechanics of his negotiations with Castro — the arranging of visits and just getting in and out of Havana — give clues to the hazards, both physical and political, in the present talks.

He has now made a dozen trips to Castro. First he telephones "highly placed officials in the Cuban Government" that he is coming. With the political clearance assured, he packs a small suitcase of tropical clothing and the dark-brown, leather, attaché case that is a veteran of earlier missions to Germany. He always travels alone, flying by night on a little-used flight from Idlewild Airport to Miami International Airport, preparatory to his flight to Havana early next morning.

Pan American World Airways has donated the use of a small plane with an American pilot. The plane needs clearance each time through the anti-aircraft batteries in Cuba. These are hectic short journeys. By radio, Pan American officials must first clear a flight plan, stating that they are transporting "*el abogado* Donovan" (the lawyer Donovan). After military clearance, usually received within hours, the plane takes off from the restricted area to avoid press or public attention.

At Havana International Airport, Donovan is sometimes met by government officials (who come in aging Chevvies or Buicks). Always there is a "sufficient" convoy of guards with Tommy guns. They have their instructions and he simply goes where they take him. The destinations vary. During the initial Cuban-prisoner mission, Donovan stayed at the home of one of the prisoners. Two other houses, closely watched by armed guards, have since been made available to him by the Minister of External Affairs. He lives there alone. When he leaves Havana, the procedure is the same thing, in reverse. If he stays only the day, he flies out by night from Havana; if he remains for three or four days, Pan American must arrange flight clearance before coming over for him. At Miami, he is generally picked up by a friend at the airport.

On all his trips, Donovan has met and talked directly with Castro. The meetings have been in such widely separated places as the Presidential Palace, on the famous Varadero Beach, at Donovan's assigned residence, and in the apartment of Castro's attractive confidante, Señorita Celia Sánchez — rated by Donovan as probably the most powerful single person in Cuba next to Castro, because of her influence with him.

With Castro, Donovan scrupulously avoids all discussion of a political nature, unless Castro himself brings up a political subject. This has been his working role; but for all his patience and zeal, for all the painstaking effort by Washington to emphasize the private character of his mission, Donovan at times seems to have had a cliff-hanging status.

For example, Castro at first was coldly formal with him; Donovan has a smattering of Spanish, but understands it better; Castro speaks English haltingly, but understands it well. And "there was a lot of hand-waving." Steadfastly, Donovan has held that the trade is not a ransom, as the American press has characterized it; rather it has been approached "as a gift from the American people to the Cuban people, in recognition of the long-standing friendship between the two countries, and in recognition of the present plight of the Cuban people." This is the manner in which the appeal for the medical supplies was made — and, in fact, if it had been made on the grounds of ransom, it is questionable how many would have contributed.

Donovan's work was very nearly scuttled by the President himself when, in an emotional address in the Orange Bowl, Miami, he told the rescued veterans of Brigade 2506 "that this [Cuban] flag will be returned to this brigade in a free Havana" — a speech hardly guaranteed to endear Donovan or any American to Castro.

The turning point in Donovan's relations with the Cuban leader was when the latter came to believe sincerely in the American's good faith: that Donovan was not serving, as some had charged in Cuba, as a decoy for another American invasion; that his humanitarian objectives were being carried out. Following the dubious scene at the Orange Bowl, Donovan carried copies of editorials from *The Nation* to Havana. They helped to convince Castro, Donovan recalls, that he should not be regarded as Kennedy's agent. "When you first came down," Castro told him, "I thought you might be just another shrewd American politician. But I've come to see you in an entirely different light."

Because of Donovan's point of view, his approach throws consternation into Batistaville — the wealthy Cubans and their friends who got out at the right time and, from Miami and New York, dream of bringing back the good old days. They are violently opposed to everything Donovan is attempting, calling it a "mission of appeasement."

Donovan is sensitive to any suggestion that his mission is inconsistent with the declared national policy of the United States, which is presently against coexistence with Castro Cuba; and he does not relish being clobbered as an appeaser. But neither does he believe that things can go on this way for long, with the two sides threatening each other and nothing constructive being done. How the situation might unfold in the future, however, is speculative.

"The entire situation is fluid," Donovan told the writer. "It is volatile and highly explosive. It can be affected by what Soviet Russia or Red China may do at any given moment. Accordingly, I can't lay down even for myself a fixed rule on how I will comport myself on the next trip to Cuba. Each trip has to be handled on an *ad hoc* basis, and I have to use on-the-spot judgment in a situation where I'm completely alone."

His are, indeed, lonely missions. To be understood, they must be seen in the context of Donovan's previous missions and his passion for anonymous public service.

A graduate of Fordham and of Harvard Law School, Donovan has spent much of his professional life championing unpopular causes. He was with the OSS during the

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"THE RELUCTANT SANTA CLAUS"

This Philadelphia Inquirer *cartoon hangs in James Donovan's office.*

war, and assistant to the Chief Prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials, and, in 1957, he was court-assigned counsel to the Soviet spy, Abel. (He contributed his $10,000 fee to various law schools.) Abel was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment. Early in 1962, at Kennedy's request, Donovan went to Germany and, through quiet negotiations with the Soviet Embassy and the East German Government behind "the wall" in East Berlin, he arranged for the release of U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers by Soviet Russia and of the American student, Frederick Pryor, held by the East Germans, in exchange for the American release of Colonel Abel.

For this work, Donovan was awarded the Distinguished Intelligence Medal by the CIA, the President writing him also that "the type of negotiation you undertook, where diplomatic channels had been unavailing, is unique, and you conducted it with the greatest skill and courage."

His old college, Fordham, was moved to coin a phrase for his deeds when last year it gave him a doctorate of laws: the citation referred to him as "the most successful American practitioner of metadiplomacy" — higher diplomacy. (The term, incidentally, delighted Sargent Shriver, who told Donovan that now he has the perfect answer to Secretary Rusk — his Peace Corpsmen are "metadiplomats.")

The mission to Cuba has not been without its light moments. The other day, in his unpretentious law office in Manhattan's William Street, Donovan showed the visitor the handsome, hand-made humidor presented to him by the "2506 Brigada," its seal on the lid. Later, at his duplex apartment in Brooklyn, he showed another handsome humidor from the Cuban Red Cross, a token of government appreciation of the medicines and medical instruments. "Rewarded by both sides," Donovan said with a rueful smile.

One of his four children, thirteen-year-old Mary Ellen, a cheerfully uninhibited child, fingered the tiny, Cuban flag in her lapel, a memento from her father. She explained, "Everyone in class calls me a traitor."

Later that evening, Donovan went to a cap-and-gown invocation at Brooklyn College, where he received the gold medal award "for vital public service, as an instrument of peace in Cuba." What went virtually unnoticed, owing to the press blackout, was the telegram from President Kennedy:

I am delighted to join with the Brooklyn College community in paying tribute to the public service of James Donovan. Mr. Donovan has performed extraordinary missions in the public interest, and we all honor particularly the role he has performed in recent months in the difficult negotiations in Cuba. His intelligence, judgment and skill have richly earned him the distinction you are conferring today.

Now that Donovan is about halfway home, with a job well done, his metadiplomacy raises this fascinating question: Has his mission had an impact not only on the Castro Government, but also on United States policy with respect to Cuba? Informed sources believe that it has. They point to editorial opinion abroad, which approves the humanitarian basis of the trade. Contrary to the warnings of the fire-eaters who denounced Donovan, the world image of the United States has greatly improved. There is recognition that in contrast to Soviet Russia, which has been pouring into Cuba only what the Russians wanted there for their own purposes, the American people, through medicines and medical supplies, recognized the human plight and showed that they wanted to help the children, the sick and the elderly.

Additionally, the Costa Rica Declaration showed far more restraint than the Orange Bowl's aggressive tone. There continues to be a gratifying, if somewhat remarkable, silence in Congress and CIA as Donovan goes his solitary way.

But in the imperfect world on both sides of the Florida Straits, the stage is still set for crisis. The possibility of conciliation with Cuba is a source of pain to the war-whoopers. The other day, Congressman William E. Miller of New York, chairman of the Republican National Committee, agreed with the President that a blockade of Cuba would be an "act of war," but he said we should blockade anyway. Of such war-whooping, James Reston of *The New York Times* Washington bureau, wrote on March 13 (in the international edition):

[Miller] is playing on the frustration of the voters, and "blockade" sounds like a cheap and heroic solution to our Cuban problems until you look at the facts. The truth of the matter is that the Russians, frustrated by their inability to get our troops out of Berlin, have found a way to embarrass us equally by getting their troops into Cuba. Now they cannot invade or blockade Ber-

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lin without the unacceptable risk of war, and we cannot invade or blockade Cuba without paralyzing or killing Russians.

In this crisis atmosphere, Donovan approaches his negotiations with Castro in low key. But as a metadiplomat and lawyer, he does not retreat from problems. The basic, perennial problem of any revolution is: When can the country afford civil rights? And when he is not discussing prisoners, Donovan tries to bring this question up with Castro. For him the issue holds the greatest significance.

"I do believe," he told the writer, "that in these negotiations there does lie the greatest hope of creating some equitable solution to the problems now affecting relations between the two countries. Also in them lies the greatest hope for the gradual restoration of a rule of law in Cuba, where today emergency powers, regarded as necessary for the security of Cuba against military invasion, have resulted in the virtual suspension of all individual civil rights."

In these days, Donovan is deep into *Cuba and the Rule of Law*, compiled by the International Commission of Jurists last year; he admires Theodore Draper's *Castro's Revolution — Myths & Realities*. His hectic trips are tiring; laryngitis plagues him because of the rapid changes in temperatures, and his private law practice is suffering — but mostly Donovan appears to be tired of labels and jingoism ("he's right-wing, he's left-wing, let's blockade") which lead to synthetic figures. When Donovan thinks of Castro's Cuba, which is all the time right now, he is also thinking of all of Latin America as a tremendous challenge to us to see whether or not reform — true reform — can antedate revolution. He has a clear vision of the good society. To him true reform is the essence of the struggle in all the countries to the south, and points up the major defect in the Alliance for Progress.

"Despite the good that the Alliance is accomplishing," he said with emphasis, "it does not contain effective assurances that the economic benefits will be equitably distributed among the whole people of those nations, in accordance with the pattern of social justice. It remains true that the better part of the funds wind up with the relatively tiny minority on top, and perhaps in numbered Swiss bank accounts, and is not so distributed as to create a strong middle class. It is only through the elimination of poverty and illiteracy that a strong middle class can emerge, and in this manner have some measure of democracy.

"Now pre-Castro Cuba did not have a very low standard of living — that's the surprising thing. Cuba ranked among the first five nations in the whole Western Hemisphere. The trade unions were stronger there than in the United States. If this Castro revolution could succeed, it's apparent that the chances for overturn are even better in the other countries. The basic task is to get the concept of social justice accepted — especially by the moneyed classes such as dug their own grave in Cuba and won't learn their lessons there."

Thus does the strange drama in Cuba and its key performer move into the second act. About 50 per cent of the medicines and medical instruments promised have actually been delivered; Donovan expects the remainder to go in during the next few weeks, and to obtain the release of the thirty-three Americans by its conclusion.

What of the last act? Does he envisage renewed relations with Cuba afterwards? His brows furrowed as he took his time with the question.

"Yes, I think so," he answered quietly.

"When?"

"This is work requiring great patience," he replied. "We don't try to accomplish several miracles at once." Then he said whimsically: "At the same time that you're producing loaves and fishes, you don't try to change water into wine."

Soviet Oil Exports . . . . . Alan R. Plotnick

In the past few years a number of articles have been written on the dangers of Russian oil trade with the West. Their principal theme has been that oil exports from the Soviet bloc are a threat not only to the European Common Market, but also to all of NATO. In a recent address before the American Petroleum Institute in November, 1961, Senator Mike Monroney went so far as to say that the Russians have already declared war on the Free World and that their weapon is oil.

These Western oil experts have criticized the Russians for using price discrimination and barter to foster their oil trade. One would assume from the alarm that has been sounded that both these practices are recent economic inventions of Mr. Mikoyan's. In this writer's opinion, there is probably a much greater danger in accepting the opinions of these oil experts than in importing petroleum from the Soviet bloc.* In an issue such as this, the logic of Big Business or the military mind can be deceiving. The danger of allowing the economics of restrictionism to replace the economics of welfare is a real one that is inherent in the arguments of those who propose simple solutions in dealing with the "Soviet oil offensive."

The idea, for instance, that Soviet oil exports represent a planned attempt to weaken the economies of the Free World is a much-repeated theme in current articles on Communist oil trade. Through this type of "economic banditry" — as it has been described by Senator Hubert Humphrey — the Russians have transformed oil into a powerful cold-war weapon. Suppose we examine the trade situation.

The Soviet petroleum industry did not actually get started along modern lines until six years ago, when Premier Khrushchev decided that the entire energy-producing sector of the nation needed a com-

Alan R. Plotnick, of the Department of Political Economy of the University of Alberta, is completing a book on the Canadian oil industry.

*Within the bloc as a whole, the USSR and Rumania are the two countries that can produce enough to sell to the Free World.

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plete overhaul. During the time that Soviet planners concentrated their efforts on coal, the opportunities for capital- and labor-saving innovations were limited. The lag that existed in the coal industry relative to the rest of the economy was serious; clearly, the fuel industry could not recover from its depressed state unless a shift were made toward an entirely different form of energy, namely petroleum. Russian planners also saw the potential value that a healthy oil industry would have internally in enabling them to develop other industries, such as petrochemicals and plastics. Externally, it would enable them to trade oil for much-needed consumer and capital goods. It was the latter that held out the greatest promise, as subsequent events proved.

To implement their petroleum program, the Russians imported large amounts of materials such as pipe, pumps, electronic equipment and even entire petrochemical plants. Italy, West Germany, France and Sweden, to mention only a few, were among the European suppliers. Orders for new oil tankers were also placed in Japan, Yugoslavia and Finland. Examined from the exporter's standpoint, these sales involved substantial business for a good many firms throughout Europe. During the eighteen months ending in June, 1961, approximately $1.5 billion worth of industrial goods were exported from Western Europe to the Soviet bloc. Since there has been a shortage of foreign exchange in the Communist bloc, the Western supplier countries came under pressure of their own nationals to accept payment in Russian products, especially oil.

Had the Western European governments refused to accept this oil, their sales to the Communists would have been impossible. As long as the Soviet standard of living remains low compared to that of the United States and the other economically advanced countries of the Free World, one must expect the Soviets to have an oil surplus which they will try to barter for manufactured goods. Alternatively, as long as the rest of the world boasts that its standard of living exceeds that of Russia, it will undoubtedly have to face up to the problem of deciding how much Communist oil it can afford to take.

Those who insist that the oil deals in Western Europe benefit the Russians at the expense of the oil-importing countries ignore the two-way nature of this trade. In any business transaction, both parties expect to benefit; otherwise they would not agree to trade in the first place. It is highly doubtful whether Western European exporters of petroleum equipment and pipe would be willing to stop selling to the Communists. The profitableness of the trade for them, and for their nations' economies, is in itself proof that Russian oil has not harmed Western Europe's economic growth. Many businessmen would also point out that it is Russia's loss, not her gain, when she gives up large quantities of non-replaceable natural resources to the Free World.

When the Russians recently told the British that they were in the market to buy fishing vessels, the oil experts came rushing in to counsel the British on the deal. The original proposal was for Russia to place $56 million worth of orders if the British would accept about $5 million in fuel oil as part payment. The amount of oil involved was 1.5 million tons, which represents about 3 per cent of total annual British oil imports. A number of British groups have lobbied on the matter. British shipbuilders naturally favor the deal; unemployment in that industry has been growing for several years. The major oil companies supplying Britain's fuel-oil needs are opposed, arguing that they have been good customers of the shipyards and will do more for them, in the long run, than the Russians. Competition in the British fuel-oil market has already reached a dangerous level, with large buyers getting considerable discounts and ex-refinery prices being maintained at uneconomic levels. If the Russians did enter the market, their ability to reduce prices could put the major companies to rout; they could probably undersell the majors by about 20 per cent. So far, however, the Russians have denied that their prices will be reduced. In fact, they have stated that their main concern is not to dump oil in Britain, but to get fishing vessels they need at the lowest possible price.

The British coal lobby has stood with the oil companies on the issue, although usually it is in opposition. The National Union of Mineworkers has stated that any increase in oil imports threatens the domestic coal industry; they emphasize that their opposition is directed to *any* increase in oil imports, not just from Russia. (Even before the oil-for-ships question arose, the British Government was worried about the cutback in mining in Scotland and North England. The government had already modified its program for oil-fired electric generating stations in favor of coal-fired ones.)

In considering the Russian deal, the British are also faced with the need to preserve a political equilibrium in the Middle East and Venezuela, whose interests could be affected if Russian oil sales grew to substantial levels. Finally, the American Government has been edgy about the proposal; it would like to have British fishing vessels placed in the forbidden "strategic export" category. Washington has apparently also put pressure on the West Germans and Japanese to get them to embargo pipe exports to the Russians. By such actions, the United States exposes itself to the same kind of criticism of political manipulation which the oil experts argue will result from the purchase of Soviet-bloc oil.

In deciding what to do, the British should not let the Pentagon or NATO call the shots. It would be very shortsighted of their government to refuse an opportunity to reduce unemployment in the shipbuilding industry, assuming that other economic or political costs of a greater magnitude were not imposed on the economy through this decision. As to coal mining, this industry was depressed before the Russians ever talked about placing orders for ships. Then again, the level of the proposed oil imports from Russia is not large enough to make a serious dent in the major-company markets unless the oil is sold at very low prices.

The second criticism that has been made of the Communist petroleum trade concerns the effect it has had on world market prices. There is no denying that, relative to their size, Soviet-bloc sales have had a disproportionately large effect. Bloc exports have been growing rapidly; according to the U.S. National Petroleum Council, its sales to the West will grow to 50 million tons by 1965 compared to 30 million in 1961. While it is true

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that the crude-oil market has been marked by a certain degree of price instability and that this has been felt in Latin America and the Middle East, the careful observer will recognize that Russian oil has been only one among many contributing causes. The other factors that should be examined are:

- *The excess capacity in international oil production relative to existing market needs.*
- *The increased competition from companies that were not previously operating in the international oil industry. There are also many new, small, independent companies active in various phases of the industry, such as refining and marketing.*
- *The effect of import controls, such as those in the United States and in other countries. They place limits on the size of the market for petroleum imports in both unrefined and refined forms.*

The combination of these pressures has led to widespread discounts and other allowances being offered on posted prices in the world's principal oil-producing countries.

As recently as 1956, one could explain the factors that determined the price of oil by reference to a world-market system. At that time, the posted price of crude oil in the Middle East plus average tanker freights was relevant for most of the refineries in Europe and only a comparatively small quantity of oil moved at more advantageous terms. Most of the sales of finished products throughout most of Western Europe (exceptions existed in parts of Scandinavia, Italy and Switzerland) were made on a basis approximating Caribbean posted prices plus average freight rates. These prices applied to the large quantities of products originating in European refineries, as well as to the comparatively small amounts imported from abroad.

Since 1959, however, posted prices for crude oil have departed significantly from current market conditions as a result of the factors I have mentioned above. The same thing has been true for finished products.

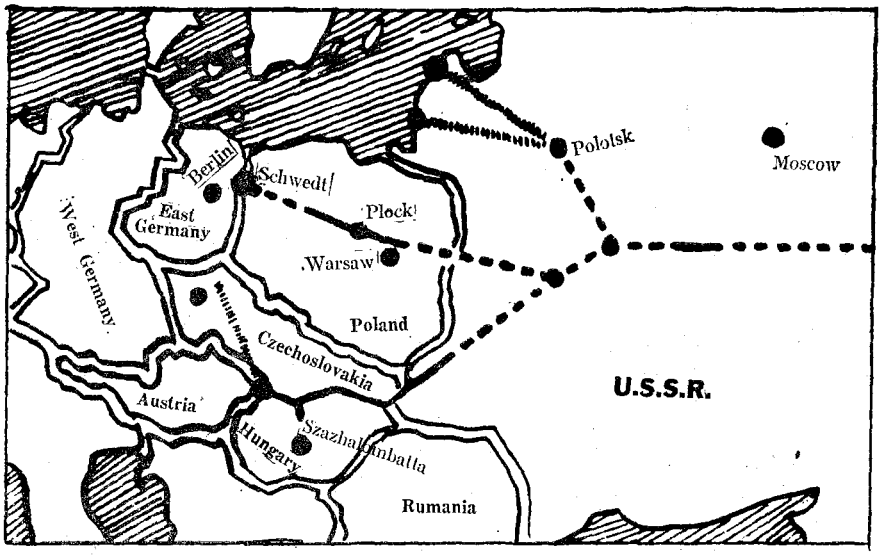
To speak of Russian oil prices being lower than those of the Western oil producers raises a number of interesting problems, one of which is the basis on which the comparison is made. Communist oil trade with the rest of the world is generally conducted on a C.I.F. (cost, insurance and freight) basis, with the sellers responsible for shipment. This complicates any meaningful comparison of Russian and Western basic oil prices. Even if Soviet F.O.B. (not including transport costs) prices were equal to Persian Gulf postings for comparable crudes, *the Russians would still have a competitive advantage in Western Europe* equal to about $.44 a barrel at current ocean-tanker rates. This is due to the location of the Black Sea ports, which are nearly 3,000 miles closer to the market. A second complication in making price comparisons is that we must consider not only the price which the buyer of Russian oil pays, but also the prices that the Russians pay for their offsetting imports.

The prices of the international petroleum companies have been undercut by the Soviet oil monopoly in many markets, though Soviet spokesmen are quick to deny accusations that they are "dumping." They are especially sensitive to Arab feelings on the subject and find it difficult to convince the Arab governments that they are merely interested in recovering their prewar share of the world oil market.

Naturally, the international oil companies have sided with the Middle Eastern rulers in opposing Russian oil expansion, since price competition means price instability; its effects on government revenues and company profits are unwelcome. Anyone who studies present oil-market conditions in Western Europe knows that the real oil-price problem there lies in the ability of the large international companies to charge high prices to the consumer through an almost complete control over all supplies. Today's oil costs in Europe have become burdened by a complex system of prices that brings huge profits to a relatively small number of companies. On the basis of these conditions, the economic significance of Communist oil, especially in its price aspects, appears as an advantage for the European market, since low prices enhance consumer real income.

Oil prices have been a thorn in the side of the international oil companies especially since the formation of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (O.P.E.C.), an intergovernmental agreement designed to re-establish price stability throughout the world. Should a combination of petroleum-producing countries, through O.P.E.C., be able to determine the price at which oil is sold, it would mean, in effect, that oil-price decisions were reached in the political councils of government. This would create problems for the international oil companies, which are as willing to surrender their economic sovereignty to governments as they are to relinquish their markets to the Communists. In either case, the power of the private companies is at stake.

A third major criticism of Soviet



SOVIET OIL PIPE-LINE NETWORK

Solid lines indicate finished sections; dotted lines, under construction; barred lines, proposed.

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oil policy to be examined concerns the alleged threat it represents to the defense strength of NATO. A strong emotional fear underlies this complaint, since some of the largest importers of Communist oil are in the NATO group. Moreover, nearly two-thirds of all Soviet-bloc petroleum exports are destined for the Western European market. A closer examination of the facts bearing on this trade relationship may clarify the extent of the danger that is supposed to exist.

Today there are seventeen European countries that buy oil from the Communists. Ten of them belong to NATO, but only two of these, West Germany and Italy, import any substantial quantity. In 1961 Italy, through its state-owned E.N.I., bought 6,500,000 metric tons, representing 22 per cent of its total oil imports. West Germany imported 3,900,000 metric tons, or 10 per cent of its entire foreign supply. On an overall basis, 1961 imports from the Soviet bloc represented only 10 per cent of Western Europe's gross oil imports. What appears to make the Russian oil expansion look so menacing is that (1) Soviet oil production is already half as large as that of the United States and is growing rapidly, and (2) practically every country in Europe, with the exception of Britain and Portugal, appears on the list of Russian oil buyers. However, oil-trade statistics show that Western Europe still obtains over 90 per cent of its oil requirements from the Middle East and Venezuela.

Fear of Russian oil led the NATO countries in November, 1962, to place an embargo on large-bore pipe exports to Russia. During the preceding three years, Russian purchases of this commodity had been large and West Germany, Italy and Sweden counted among the producers. The embargo has apparently been effective enough to slow down the Russian construction of the Comecon (Friendship) pipe line, which will be completed by about mid-1964. Counting spur lines, the system will cover a total distance of 3,600 miles, making it the longest pipe line in the world.

In placing this embargo, one may well wonder whether NATO is acting for itself or for the major oil companies. Could the Soviet Union complete its planned pipe-line system, the immediate effect would be a reduction in the cost of transporting crude oil. Estimates are that it would bring the cost down from $1.05 per barrel to $.29 per barrel. This could be reflected in a substantial lowering of crude prices for the refiner. Who would be endangered by such a price cut? The private oil companies or the military strength of NATO? Any NATO argument that its defense would be jeopardized because its members would be likely to become overdependent on Soviet oil implies that the major oil companies are going to bow out gracefully in the face of rising Russian oil sales. How likely is this? There is also no reason why the stream of oil imports into Western Europe must freeze into any particular pattern, whether it be from the Free World or the Soviet bloc.

The charge that NATO countries are endangering their military defenses by becoming dependent on suddenly terminable oil supplies fails to recognize the practical advantages of utilizing Communist petroleum resources. The lower prices that the NATO countries now pay for Soviet-bloc oil relative to other supplies allow them to release a certain amount of their financial and real economic resources into alternative uses. This suggests that lower oil prices would help NATO countries to meet their costly military requirements. For the first time, these countries could say that the Communists are actually helping them to pay for their defense bill!

There is no country in the world today that can depend completely on any other for its future petroleum needs. It is therefore absurd to speak of the "risk of accessibility" during a future war. The American government's present Mandatory Oil Import Program is evidence of this country's desire to look more closely at nearby sources to supplement domestic reserves. The fact that Canada and Mexico both enjoy quota exemptions on the basis of their national-security advantages to the United States does not prevent us from continuing to buy large quantities of oil from the Middle East. Yet there is no doubt that American defense planners are not placing their confidence in the Middle East as an oil source over the long run. The same considerations are also relevant in evaluating the present usefulness of Communist-bloc oil in the NATO area. The risks that exist in becoming dependent on the Communists for oil should not prevent the NATO countries from conserving their own limited reserves by importing from other countries.

What, then, is the real danger of Soviet-bloc oil in the world today? It would seem to be mainly the risk of failure to see that there are commercial gains to be had from accepting it. If we trade with someone whose political views we dislike, it does not necessarily follow that we must accept his views along with his trade. Yet from the doctrinaire studies of the "oil experts" we can only conclude that trading with the Communists is the first step, or perhaps the last one, before democracy is supplanted by totalitarianism.

In a study of Europe's energy position made several years ago by the Organization for European Economic Co-operation entitled *Oil —Recent Developments in the O.E.E.C. Area*, a forecast was made that the Western European oil demand in 1965 would stand at between 200 and 240 million tons. It was also estimated that by 1975 the market would need between 300 and 390 million tons. Already the projected estimates for 1965 seem too low in view of the tremendous growth in market demand in several Western European nations during the past few years. The O.E.E.C. report stated that while the amount of oil obtained from the Middle East and Venezuela will rise in the future, "their share in total supplies is likely to fall as those from North Africa and possibly Russia increase." However, they pointed out that Russia's future market would depend on the manner in which they compete with established exporting areas, as well as on government policies concerning the acceptability of Russian oil. One might add that the nature and strength of the opposition from the international oil cartel will be the single most important factor in this regard.

For some time the large oil companies have stood in the way of a cheap energy supply in Western Europe through their control of the market and their resistance to imports from "uncompetitive, risky areas." To promote their interests,

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these companies have distorted the true facts about the economic importance and national-security significance of the Communist oil trade. Instead of worrying about the methods that the Communists use in selling oil to the West—of which there seems to be very little economic understanding—the West would derive much more benefit from a careful study of the methods and policies employed by the large oil companies. In order to curb the power that has been wielded by the world oil cartel, it might be a good idea to consider the establishment of a buying cartel, composed of European governments, which could counteract the power of the world's largest oil producers.

The European Economic Community represents the most advanced stage of economic integration that has thus far been reached in any part of the world. This arrangement grew out of a desire to improve the conditions of life of the people of the region. It would be unfortunate if the "private government" of the oil cartel became the divisive force in the region's effort to reach the highest possible level of economic well-being.

The Foster-Home Problem

Love Is Not Enough . . . . . Richard Haitch

Conclusion of a two-part article

Genuine orphans and old-time orphan asylums are almost a rarity in the United States today. The new social-welfare plague that is spreading in the nation is concerned with so-called "orphans of the living"—neglected and abandoned children, many with complex personality problems. More than 300,000 such homeless children are in foster care, and for upward of a third of them, "temporary" foster care has become a permanent way of life.

Under a concept of care embodied in "The Children's Charter," adopted by the 1930 White House Conference on Children and Youth, the welfare agencies have tried to place most of these waifs with foster parents, so they will have "a home and that love and security which a home provides." But foster parents are becoming increasingly hard to find.

Yet even if there were a surfeit of foster parents to give a home to every child, there still would be a crisis because of the meager supply of professional social workers virtually everywhere. Such workers are needed not only to recruit foster parents, but also to help the foster parents and foster children adjust to one another; to keep the foster children in touch with their own families; and to rehabilitate those families so the parted parents and children can be reunited as speedily as possible. Without the guidance of social workers, the very foundations of foster care wobble.

Despite federal subsidies for schooling, welfare case work is not one of the eagerly sought professions today. The trained worker undergoes one of the longest educations of any profession—four years of college and two of graduate school—but the median annual pay of $5,500 to start, and $7,500 after ten years of experience, compares unfavorably with what can be made in other callings. Candidates who do enter the welfare field are more likely to be attracted to the treatment of juvenile delinquents than to children in need of foster care.

"Delinquency is more dramatic—it gets attention," says New York City Welfare Commissioner Dumpson. "The neglected child is not a threat to us. So we have spent millions of dollars to fight delinquency and are just now beginning to turn our attention to the problem of neglect. We've licked the problem of physical neglect — insufficient food and shelter — but have not at all touched the problem of social and emotional neglect."

Under present conditions, the foster child must sometimes turn delinquent before he receives the expert attention he needs.

In one of the relatively few studies of emotional disturbances in foster children, Dr. Leon Eisenberg, professor of child psychiatry at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine in Baltimore, noted these symptoms among the more than 400 "problem" youngsters he treated in five years in a clinic:

- *Retarded in school—90 per cent (though 85 per cent were of normal intelligence).*
- *Aggressive behavior—70 per cent.*
- *Thievery—33 per cent.*
- *Deviant sexual behavior—20 per cent.*
- *Attempted suicides—10 per cent.*

"Particularly striking," said Dr. Eisenberg, "is the complaint of a ravenous appetite in a significant number of these children. Some will stuff themselves until they vomit if not stopped. Others steal from the pantry and eat out of garbage cans, even when food is freely available. . . .

"The children who display this symptom behave as though they are bent on storing up all they can against a coming famine, as though they cannot trust that food will be available to them each time hunger arises. This, of course, had been their experience, but the persistence of the conviction long after it has ceased to be true is impressive."

Dr. Eisenberg's findings led him to doubt the effectiveness of modern foster care. "It is painfully evident," he said, "that if these children are to be helped, they require a great deal more than is offered to them."

The poets have wisely told us that what we are as adults is rooted largely in what we have been as children. Walt Whitman expressed it sensitively for all time:

There was a child went forth every day
And the first object he looked upon and received with wonder or pity or love or dread,
That object he became.
And that object became part of him for the day
Or a certain part of the day, or for many years,
Or stretching cycles of years.

The child who has a constant, loving relationship with his parents

Richard Haitch, New York Times *copy editor, spent five months making a nation-wide survey of child foster-care needs in preparation for this article.*

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is building toward a secure, mature adulthood. But what are we to say of the deprived foster child?

Dr. Ner Littner, consulting psychiatrist to the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society in Chicago, tells of the strange case of "Mrs. Smith," who had been placed in foster care by her parents when she was three. Partly as a result of this experience, she expected all men to reject her. When she was married, she stayed with her husband only three years before finding an excuse to divorce him. She remarried, and after the fateful three years had rolled by, she left him, too. They were reunited—but divorced after three years. Saddest of all, however, was what Mrs. Smith did to her daughter. When the girl reached three, Mrs. Smith placed her in a foster home.

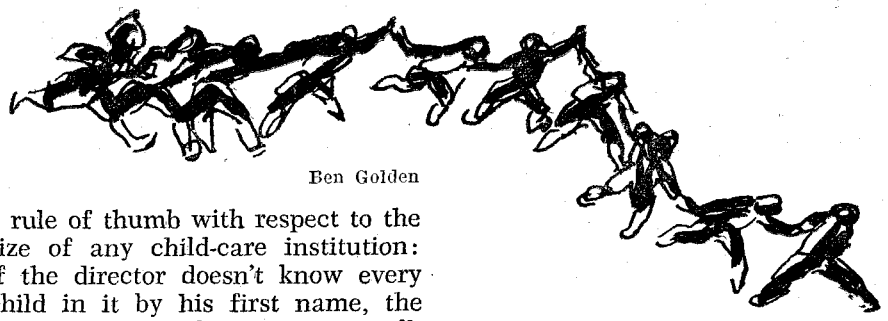
"For Mrs. Smith," Dr. Littner observes, "the mathematics of fate did not allow her to be any longer with her daughter than her mother had been with her."

What is the remedy for America's harried foster-care program? There is no magic single one. Ronald H. Born, director of the San Francisco Public Welfare Department, points to one result that seems inevitable:

"Most of us feel that new kinds of placement resources must be developed—for example, small group homes under agency supervision—and that we will have to swing back to institutional care for more children, recognizing that we can neither find sufficient foster homes nor provide sufficient stability to the children when we rely primarily on foster homes as the placement resource."

A *swing back to institutional care for more children.* Many welfare workers bristle at the thought. Are we to turn back the clock to the dark era of orphan asylums? What of "The Children's Charter" and its idealistic call for a home with love for every child?

A greater role for institutions need not be cause for despair—provided they are not used to care for young, pre-school children; provided the institutions are small and geared to render thoroughly professional psychiatric care, and provided we can cut back sharply the numbers of children who enter foster care.



Ben Golden

The Child Welfare League has a rule of thumb with respect to the size of any child-care institution: if the director doesn't know every child in it by his first name, the institution is too large. But a small, specialized institution, equipped to study and treat the behavior problems that overburden today's foster-care program, can frequently be more effective than the most well-intentioned foster parents; for the homespun formula, "parental love conquers all," simply is not always true. Some foster children are so badly scarred psychologically that they cannot respond to love, no matter how generous the dosage.

Good foster parents will always be needed to care for younger children and those older ones who can benefit most from the experience. But welfare agencies will have to stop reacting like squirrels in an exercise wheel and explore new paths of recruitment to get sufficient qualified applicants. The old emotional publicity appeals—newspaper stories, television and radio plugs, bus and train posters—have proved too limited.

One change suggested by the Child Welfare League's executive director seems destined to set boiling a caldron of controversy among the agencies. "We think," says Joseph H. Reid, "that the solution lies in going after new people, with the notion that there's nothing wrong in taking money."

What he proposes is that foster parenthood be treated as a form of employment instead of a work of charity. Pay for the job would be competitive with what a foster mother might earn in the world of business or industry, and the agencies would undertake to train applicants as professional "partners."

Since the inception of foster care, the agencies have been wary of foster parents who would take in a homeless child as a means of gaining extra income. This has given rise to a common complaint: board rates tend to be unrealistically low, often not covering even basic costs. Over the country, the rates range from about $32 to $88 a month for each child in average cases. One study in Minnesota pointed out that the going rate there of $72 was less than that for an amateur baby sitter. The sitter may get 50 to 75 cents an hour for minimal care; the agency, paying $72 a month, is spending only 10 cents an hour for full care.

Group homes are a relatively new approach toward putting child-foster care on a more efficient basis. They are large apartments or houses, owned or leased by welfare agencies and staffed by a salaried married couple, who live on the premises and get two days off a week. Ideally, each group home takes care of six to eight children. The Jewish Child Care Association, which pioneered the homes in New York City, pays its couples up to $9,600 a year to operate them. But some communities, through ignorance of the need for such facilities, have opposed them as public nuisances. Last year Newark, New Jersey, which calls itself "The City of Opportunity," banned by ordinance all opportunity for operating group foster homes.

Needed also are new laws in many states to make it possible for children abandoned in foster care to get the next best thing to good parents of their own: good adoptive parents. In such cases, speed is considered desirable to minimize the psychological damage to the child. Some states like New York, Delaware, Pennsylvania and North Carolina have laws that declare a homeless child eligible for adoption if his parents have had no contact with him, nor shown any other interest in him, for one year. At the other extreme, South Carolina has no legal provision for freeing any foster child for adoption, though he be deserted from infancy to adulthood.

However, smaller and better institutions, more competent foster parents, more liberal adoption laws—none of these is a cure so long as

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the rolls of foster children continue to swell. The key to a permanent solution appears to be social workers. We need thousands more, and we must get them fast by expanding recruitment of high school graduates, upgrading salaries and opening more accredited schools of social work to train them. There are now only fifty-five accredited schools in the entire United States; in nineteen states you can't find one.

Once there are enough trained workers, a start can be made in solving the foster-care crisis in the only way it can be really solved—through prevention. This is what Vincent De Francis, director of the Children's Division of the American Humane Association, has called a "reaching-out technique," in which social workers enter the home and make "more responsible parents out of sometimes grossly inadequate ones." Families in danger of collapse can usually be spotted in advance: they are on relief, in trouble with the law, or otherwise unstable. Through counseling and the help of such services as homemakers and day care for children, many a tottering home can be saved.

Mrs. Ruth Grigg Horting, secretary of the Pennsylvania Department of Public Welfare, touches the heart of the problem when she says:

"Too many children over the years have been placed in facilities available to the agency with little awareness of the child's needs. As a matter of fact, too many children were placed in foster care who should and could have remained in their own homes with supportive help from the agencies. The lack of preventive services to children and their families is responsible to a major extent for the number of children who are currently in placement.

"Until the preventive services—protective counseling and homemaker—are established and developed in local communities and made available to all children and their families, we will continue to have placement problems."

Albert J. Neely, director of the Children's Division in the Cook County Department of Public Aid, Illinois, echoes this view.

"Foster care is no panacea for all family and child-welfare problems," he says. "It is a highly specialized, expensive service that should backstop a strong program of protective, preventive services to children in their own homes. This can make foster care unnecessary in many instances.

"Foster parents are a scarce and precious resource in child care, especially those able to care for the emotionally deprived and disturbed child. There must be no waste, abuse or misuse of such resources if foster-care needs today and tomorrow are to be met. More must be done to rehabilitate foster children with their parents and relatives. More must be done to provide permanent homes through adoption for foster children who can benefit from this."

Obviously prevention is the best remedy. Yet it is often the hardest to sell to lawmakers who control the child-welfare purse strings. The results of preventive case work are not always immediately apparent. Critics are sometimes quick to label the efforts "coddling" or "wasteful spending." But aside from the alleviation of human misery, an intelligent program can pay off in dollars.

Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, replaced seven untrained general-purpose welfare workers with nine trained workers, who concentrated exclusively on child welfare. Prevention and rehabilitation were stressed. In four years the total of children in foster care was cut from 551 to 284. The county spent $31,835 more in salaries, but it saved $93,466 in child-care costs—and this while increasing payments to foster parents.

Not too long ago a class of girls in a crowded foster-care shelter in New York were asked to set down in compositions their innermost thoughts on "Spring." One twelve-year-old, who had been in the shelter but six months, was having a particularly hard time adjusting to her misfortune. Both of her parents were in a hospital for psychiatric treatment. The girl was described by shelter authorities as sullen, fearful and distrustful of adults. Her behavior made placement with a foster family highly remote. Nevertheless the child could write briefly:

Spring is a time to start all over again. Spring smells give me a happy feeling, give me a thrill in my heart. I like to hear the girls and boys and I like to hear the morning. This is the reason why I like spring.

For America's public and private agencies with a never-ending problem in foster care, it, too, could be a time to start all over again.

Echoes of Stalinism . . . . . Alexander Werth

Paris

Last week's official Soviet castigation of Yevgeny Yevtushenko, youthful Russian poet who had dared to write his autobiography for *L'Express* (Paris) without asking anyone's permission, was the direct result of Khrushchev's fantastic speech of March 8 — the tenth anniversary of Stalin's burial.

The Soviet Premier's address was made at a meeting of writers and artists at the Kremlin. On its face, it related primarily to problems of art and literature; in reality, it also had a direct bearing on the Soviet-Chinese conflict, brought to a head by a Chinese press campaign that demanded, in effect, an act of chest-beating "self-criticism" from Khrushchev himself. Further, the speech clearly suggested that there were strong Stalinist and pro-Chinese elements in the Soviet Communist Party whom Khrushchev now found it necessary to "appease."

Among other things, Khrushchev's two-hour blast was an admission that the young generation of Russians was adopting more and more Western ways of thinking. The Nekrasovs and the Ehrenburgs were "fraternizing" with the West; so were the producers of a film like *The Ilyitch Suburb,* in which "Soviet men" were shown to be extremely complex individuals with countless problems of their own—totally unlike the robotlike

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"Soviet man" of either the Communist Utopia or of the heroic early years of the Revolution. (This film will now be suppressed.)

To the young intellectuals, Russia has entered a new era, an era of the atom bomb on the one hand, and of relative prosperity on the other, in which there is no longer much room for those heroics of the 1920s and 1930s, which Khrushchev was now exalting, or even for the heroics of the conventional war of 1941-45. Nor are these young people enormously interested in any sort of world revolution; they believe in live-and-let-live, tend to like the West and acutely distrust China.

The irony of it is that these young people saw in Khrushchev their leader; he was the man of the "Camp David spirit," the man who had demolished Stalin; the man who, without having any particularly consistent line on art and literature, had shown, until recently, a fair degree of tolerance. It was only under Khrushchev that books like Ehrenburg's *Memoirs*, or Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, or Voznesensky's modernist poetry, could have been published. Now Khrushchev was turning about; and that this drastic change in cultural policy has a direct bearing on general policy may be seen from Khrushchev's having singled out for special abuse Ehrenburg's *The Thaw*, published in 1954, and a forerunner of Khrushchev's own Twentieth Congress speech.

The Soviet Premier clearly seems to have been alarmed by the hundreds of manuscripts on concentration camps pouring into editorial offices. Was this not a sign that the young people were becoming anti-regime and despising all Stalin's associates? And the powerful tendencies in favor of "ideological coexistence" were dangerously pro-Western from a party point of view. Never, in the last ten years, had intellectual life in Russia been put in a party strait jacket as Khrushchev managed to do on March 8. "From now on," he said, "the Central Committee will expect both older people and beginners to follow strictly the party line."

Behind all this quarrel over books and pictures there is, in reality, a much larger problem. To the "conservatives" in both literature (Kochetov, Gribachev, Dolmatovsky, et al.) and inside the party machine there was growing agitation against the "liberalism" of the Khrushchev era. His handling of the Cuban crisis was not unanimously approved; there were many who agreed with the Chinese that it was a mixture of "adventurism and capitulationism"; anti-Stalinist manifestations like Yevtushenko's *Stalin's Heirs* (in October) and Solzhenitsyn (in November) were Khrushchev experiments which produced, below the surface, some terrifying anti-Khrushchev explosions. The last straw was not only the denunciation of Khrushchev by Peking in the best "Albanian" style, but, on top of it, even hints that China might start making territorial claims on Russia on the strength of "unjust treaties" inflicted on China by Czarist regimes in the past.

It cannot have been a particularly painful ordeal for Khrushchev to attack Ehrenburg (whom he never much liked, anyway), or to make fun of this or that book or painting (he had no strong feelings about them); but it must have caused him real pain to admit, at least implicitly, that the publication of Solzhenitsyn was a mistake, and, above all, to have to rehabilitate Stalin at least three-quarters of the way, calling him a great Marxist and a devoted revolutionary.

Is not this the beginning of that "self-criticism" which the Chinese (and Albanians) have been demanding from him—with, apparently, a good deal of support from inside the Soviet Communist Party? The Chinese, of course, are not going to stop at this; they will demand from Khrushchev the recognition of the Albanian party as Marxist as well as a breach with the Yugoslavs and a more active anti-Western policy.

Moscow now insists that there is going to be a meeting between the Soviet and Chinese leaders at some level, even if not at the summit. Khrushchev's "rehabilitation of Stalin" speech seems to fit perfectly into this context. That the Premier is in serious internal difficulties may be seen from the fact that the very last time he referred to himself as a "Stalinist" was soon after the Hungarian rising in November, 1956, when he met with acute opposition from inside the party, where his "liberalism" was being blamed for what had happened at Budapest.

But will the Russians succeed in impressing upon the Chinese that they are qualified to lead the world revolution, to liberate the underdeveloped nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America? Or that they have any real desire to do so? For Peking now asserts that it alone is in a position to take the leading part in this process, since the Russians have "disqualified themselves through their ideas on coexistence and their blue funk of an atomic war."

And only the other day Peking brought out another serious charge against Moscow: Since 1960 China had received no economic aid from Russia, which had "unilaterally, perfidiously and malevolently" torn up without warning hundreds of contracts and agreements. This was on top of the angry articles in the Chinese press on military equipment the Russians had been selling to India. Whether the Russians are seriously alarmed or not by the (hitherto academic) Chinese claims on Vladivostok and other Russian territories, it seems clear that, faced with the alternatives of an open breach with China and at least a temporary patch-up of the quarrel, the Russians are tentatively seeking the latter. Hence Khrushchev's "pro-Stalin" speech—as a gesture to Mao and to the "China Lobby" inside the Russian Communist Party. But will this be enough to make friends of the Chinese leadership? The Peking response to Khrushchev's invitation, last week, for Mao to visit Moscow will tell us a good deal.

At heart the Chinese know that Khrushchev is frightened of paper tigers with atomic teeth, and would infinitely rather come to an agreement with the West in the proper "Camp David spirit" so despised by the Chinese. Khrushchev is indeed in a very awkward dilemma. As a young Russian diplomat recently told me: "Khrushchev wouldn't have to do this tight-rope dance between China and the West if only the West, instead of hee-hawing about Cuba, entered into serious discussions with Russia in a spirit of true cooperation. It's up to Kennedy to make discreet overtures to Khrushchev, instead of letting the 'China Lobby' inside Russia push him about, as it is already doing. And nothing would please the Russian people more. It would be their best safeguard against a return to Stalinism in one form or another."

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One of the Lucky

THE LORDLY HUDSON: Collected Poems. By Paul Goodman. The Macmillan Co. 244 pp. $5.50. Paper $1.95.

Denise Levertov

What is the message?—

an artist is lucky who is busy
with what is necessary! . . .

writes Paul Goodman in a poem to his brother the architect. And he himself has that luck. His keen sense of human needs, of our failure to meet our own needs, of ways in which we *could* meet them, informs his poetry as it does his fiction and other prose. It's an unusually direct poetry — direct not in the sense of "highly concrete," "sensuous," but as contrasted with obliquity: an explicit poetry. Wallace Stevens wrote a poem, "How to Live, What to Do," but it does not tell. Some of the time Paul Goodman is actually telling us:

If a life must be lost, let it be the
rescuer's
for that has a meaning, it is our
Emblem.
Therefore since all must be lost,
be a rescuer.
. . . .
Warriors as they drown in death
shout "Victory!"
but a life guard when he rescues
someone, curses.

Or:

I dream my country
has quit her desperate course
and is now at peace.

My people now take
a lively satisfaction
in one another.
. . . .
Imagine, only
useful machines are now seen
that all can repair . . .

As in his prose, he is saying in his poems: Make a community! Discover "the creative animal, man," in yourself and in those with whom you live — for we *must* live together, if we are to live! Then let us learn to live with *ourselves, live* with ourselves, *live* together.

If I do not associate with people,
with whom shall I associate?

Exhortation can be exasperating; Paul Goodman is often exasperating, but in a tonic way, and his insistences are always tempered by an anguish in the face of the mess we make of the world, an anguish that is a sort of humility, for it recognizes his own involvement in the mess. That is, he sees himself as a man who can point to alternatives, but he doesn't talk *de haut en bas*, as if he himself had successfully taken them. Because no man can take them alone: one alone can only *make a beginning*, or try to. He speaks of Vulcan, the lame smith, as one of the lucky, busy with what is necessary; and his own anguish, his recurring sense of defeat, of not being put to full use, is like Vulcan's lameness: it makes him real to us, and it has some unmeasured effect on the forging of the bright shield.

"Resign! Resign!" the word rings in
my soul
—is it for me? or shall I make a
sign
and picket the White House blindly
in the rain,
or hold it up on Madison Avenue
until I vomit, or trudge to and fro
gloomily in front of the public school?

This is not rhetoric: Paul Goodman *does* trudge to and fro with signs, was one of the instigators of the General Strike for Peace, works on the West Side School Board, and in other such ways strives to implement what he believes in. His actions would not be of interest in considering his poetry if he didn't write well; but since he does it is important to know of them, to know that such lines are simple truth.

What is the special texture of his poetry, the music by virtue of which, and only by that virtue, we come to know the ideas? As in a fabric woven of contrasting threads, harsh thick ones crisscrossing with soft fine ones, the idiomatic crisscrosses in Paul Goodman's language with the highly formal. And the rhythmic structure likewise alternates formalized stress-patterns with lines that give us that felicity, the truly expressive variant—whether extra syllable, muted or occasional rhyme, or whatever is unpredictable and inevitable in the context.

Three-personed Fate, who draw my
thread
and measure out and cut its length,
passing along from hand to hand
I rest assured in their strength.

I know you as Persephone
the queen of Hell and Flowers
who idly guide my course
to where is only guessed by me.

My limbs are shuddering
but I am not afraid
for I the requiem made
of one who died in the Dead of
Spring.

I don't accept his every use of the inversion as functional; but there are many instances — as above — where it does seem absolutely right.

"Public" themes do not dominate the book; essentially, all of Paul Goodman's poems are about himself, and social or political concepts are present, not programmatically, but because they are interwoven with his private concerns—that is to say, they *are* private concerns. Thus the erotic is just as likely to be present in a political context as the political in an erotic context, and we gain some beginnings of insight into their still obscure interaction. The relationship between sexual fear and the politics of murder and suicide; and the alternative relationship of an architecture of community and the use of human energy for peace and pleasure: these concepts are as integral to his poetry as Pound's insistence on the reciprocity of monetary reform and just government with precision and vitality of language are to the "Cantos."

The seven sections of this volume comprise Short Poems, Longer Poems, Stories, Sonnets, Ballades, Love Poems, and finally Sentences and Prayers. Rhythmically, most of the story poems tend to go flat, and inventive though Paul Goodman is he cannot put life, for me, into the long-since dead ballade. But the sonnets are among the few readable sonnets of the century (others are the little-known ones of Edwin Denby). The remaining sections each contain marvels of true, peculiar, irreducible poetry. On the back of the book is quoted a perspicacious piece of self-evaluation in which Mr. Goodman speaks of the "attitude" of the poems, "the proof that a man can still experience his life in this way. I have not tried for individual beautiful poems — though I think I have occasionally hit one by luck — but I am more satisfied with the whole than with the parts." And this total effect — the *voice* that sounds even in

Denise Levertov (Mrs. Mitchell Goodman but not related to Paul) is a poet whose most recent collection is The Jacob's Ladder (*New Directions*).

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those few poems that are strikingly bad, close to doggerel, or startling overextensions of a sort of *faux-naif* sententiousness — makes the quoting of this poem or that particularly inadequate as a way of suggesting something of his quality. At least half of the poems in the book seem to me to be of the highest order. Since I obviously cannot name so many, I will mention only one — "Red Jacket (Lake Seneca)" — not necessarily the "best" poem of them all but one for which I have an especial love.

Paul Goodman has written, besides his better-known novels, short stories that I believe stand with the greatest American short stories. Many of his poems are not inferior to these fictions.

The Dilemma of Loyalty

TREASON IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Margret Boveri. Translated by Jonathan Steinberg. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 370 pp. $5.95.

Guenter Lewy

Resistance and collaboration, the shady mazes of espionage and propaganda by turncoats operating outside their home country — these are the themes of this study of contemporary treason. The author is a distinguished German journalist, the daughter of an American mother and a German father, who had many opportunities to experience the problems of conflicting allegiance in her own life. The first volume of this undertaking, now available in English, deals with figures of such diverse character as Marshal Pétain and Count von Stauffenberg, Pierre Laval and Knut Hamsun, Admiral Canaris and Lord Haw Haw, Karl Friedrich Goerdeler and Ezra Pound. The second volume, divided into two parts, was published in Germany in 1957 and 1960. It investigates the phenomena of communism, ex-communism and anti-communism in both Europe and the United States.

Bringing together the major and the minor, the good and the bad, the author in the volume under review provides a wealth of biographical material; this in turn forms the background for her analytical discussion of the phenomenon of modern treason. The stories of the actors in this drama are well told. We follow the strange career of the Norwegian Vidkun Quisling, the man whose name became the word for a special sort of treachery in World War II, of which he was the first practitioner. We get involved in the controversies about the roles of King Leopold of Belgium and Admiral Darlan, tales of humiliation and duplicity. Many of these people are anything but noble, yet Miss Boveri deals with all of them in a spirit of compassionate understanding that makes heroes and villains alike come to life as human beings. The discussion of German resistance to Hitler, in particular, is balanced and fair. The author does not share the view of Hannah Arendt, put forth in her recent *New Yorker* series on the Eichmann trial, that the participants in the anti-Hitler conspiracy of July 20, 1944 "were motivated *exclusively* by their conviction that Germany was faced with defeat and ruin" (my italics). I find fault with some of Miss Boveri's appraisals and judgments but, on the whole, I think that she has the better of this argument.

When Miss Boveri enters the realm of the "sociology of treason," she begins to tread on somewhat shakier ground. The task of bringing into one conceptual framework the deeds of "Tokyo Rose" and Count von Moltke, Douglas Chandler and Father Delp is most difficult, and one could even ask whether anything worth while is to be gained from it all. Did these men and women really have that much in common? The author finds a common denominator in their revolt against the forms of rule developed by the middle class in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. But even if this were to be fully substantiated, such a finding would be analogous to saying that Communists and Fascists, French conservatives and Bavarian royalists all oppose some of the basic tenets of parliamentary democracy, and the utility of this generalization is doubtful.

The dilemma of conscience in the twentieth century is very real. Treason may become a moral duty in the life of any society today, and obedience to law because it is law is no longer necessarily the supreme moral virtue. Reliance upon the individual's

Guenter Lewy is assistant professor of government at Smith College. He is now completing a book on the Catholic Church and the Nazi regime.

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sense of duty involves, of course, the risk that the legitimacy of disobedience and resistance will be appealed to by men whose political and moral views we may abhor. Thus, not only the men of the Twentieth of July but also Quisling broke solemn oaths of loyalty to their respective chiefs of state with the claim that this breach was justified because it served a higher good. The only way to bring sense into the bewildering landscape of treason is to examine the ends these different men — "traitors" all — tried to serve and to side with those whose values we share. No theology and no affirmation of natural law will alleviate this act of commitment.

During the last war, as described in Miss Boveri's study, the conflict of loyalties involved the victory and defeat of nations or the rival claims of nation and ideology. The stakes today and in the future hopefully ahead of us are considerably higher. They involve nothing less than the survival of the human race as such, and this unique situation may call for a loyalty to humanity that dwarfs in its possible demands the dilemma faced by earlier generations of men faithful to the dictates of conscience.

Theology and the Two Cultures

EVANGELICAL THEOLOGY: AN INTRODUCTION. By Karl Barth. Translated by Grover Foley. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 206 pp. $4.

Jaroslav Pelikan

The hiatus between scientific and humanistic culture described by C. P. Snow is a mere hop-skip-and-jump compared with the great gulf fixed between most intellectual labor today, whether humanistic or scientific, and the work of the theologian. Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, perhaps Luther or Calvin or Newman, may be names that the well-read want to drop. But even these figures receive more attention for their interpretation of the relation between theology and philosophy than for their exposition of the content of theology. Everyone knows about the proofs for the existence of God in the *Summa* of St. Thomas, but who ever reads his doctrine of baptism any more? Hence theologians today are tempted to validate their existence in a humanistic or scientific culture by appealing to the "correlation" between theology and other realms of discourse.

Not so Karl Barth. Without cringing or apologizing or strutting, he is a theologian, neither more nor less, and in the present volume he seeks to specify what this does and does not mean. About one-third of the book was delivered as lectures at Chicago and Princeton in 1962, on Professor Barth's first visit to the United States. To his five American lectures he has added a dozen more that carry out his basic themes and relate them to issues like doubt and temptation, concluding with a discussion of prayer, study, service and love as summary motifs of theological work. Barth has, for once, been translated with some imagination, and the quick grasp of the American idiom that he himself has acquired comes through again and again in these chapters.

Evangelical Theology will be of value to three groups of readers. Those whom an earlier theologian called "the cultured among the despisers of religion" can find here an example of what it means to think theologically. They may conclude that it is a tragic waste for so sprightly and profound a mind to spend its time on questions like revelation, grace and faith, instead of dealing with issues that really matter. The outsider looking in will often bridle at the bland assumption that something is so just because St. Paul says it is. But even the outsider will come away impressed by the deft blending of commitment and humility that Karl Barth both describes and embodies.

Those who know something about Christian thought, but have never had an opportunity to come to terms with Barth, may well want to start with this volume rather than with other summaries of his thought—whether his own *Credo* or *Dogmatics in Outline* or one of the compilations prepared by his dutiful pupils on both sides of the Atlantic. For here Barth ranges beyond the usual rubrics of doctrine to treat theology as a mode of existence, as a vocation, and as an intellectual discipline. He also frustrates the effort of his detractors to categorize him. He is critical, catholic, iconoclastic, a preacher and a thinker and, above all, a hearer of the Word of God.

Finally, the growing number of Americans who have been reading Barth will benefit from this compendium. As one volume after another of his *Church Dogmatics* appears in English, readers who fear that they may fail to see the forest on account of the trees (or who suspect that this has happened to Barth himself) can find here the subtlety of Barth's *magnum opus* without its ponderous erudition, its vigor without all the Biblical citations and distracting *obiter dicta.* Thus, as Barth puts it, American readers can discover both "that everything theological is somewhat more complicated than they would like it to be," and "that every-

Jaroslav Pelikan is Titus Street Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Divinity School, Yale University. He is the author of The Riddle of Roman Catholicism *(Abingdon).*

Keeping Time

He felt an omen the way the birch tree
fluttered all silver underleaves
at once, like crowds of fingers working
intricate arpeggios on the wind's blowing,

and warnings darkened when leaf-round tones
sloped off the wind, legato, into
streets where traffic sounded the one
day-long but many-voiced alarm.

Still, with all his soul of ear
held honest against the sound, he felt
no music until his weight of listening
burst upon the deepest, darkest

blare of silence he'd ever heard.
There the timpani of trucks,
and leaves fingering the wind
made time of timeless stillness, inventing

the brief unmeaning meaning which is song.

Ernest Sandeen

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thing here is also much more simple than they, with deeply furrowed brow, thought necessary to suppose."

Since I was the one who furrowed my brow in an article to which Barth refers in his foreword, and who expressed the "dread that one or another of [Barth's] hearers might suppose himself all too easily dispensed from historical criticism and other achievements of the nineteenth century," I may perhaps be permitted to register a double reaction to the lectures and the book on this score. Barth himself obviously is concerned to pay his debt to the nineteenth century, to its critical-historical scholarship and to its discovery of the ambiguity and relativity in the Bible and in theological history. But the affirmations he feels able to make after this discovery sound different to those who neither know the Catholic tradition nor confront the implications of Biblical criticism and modern science. When Barth said, in response to one of my questions at Chicago last May, "That's what the Bible says," even his inflection resembled the rhythm of the evangelist. And all the wrong people cheered. They may cheer again when they read this book, and may thus escape the responsibility of Christian theology in the United States: to take the measure both of the Catholic tradition and of its modern critics and thus to address in our situation the task that Karl Barth has borne in his. Else we may lose, perhaps forever, the opportunity of reopening the two-way conversations between theology and the two cultures.

LETTER from LONDON

Charles Marowitz

Several months before the London opening of *Beyond the Fringe*, Kenneth Tynan, in one of those schoolmasterly Sunday pieces that use foreign talent as a stick to beat the natives, complained of the dearth of English satire. The Americans had Nichols and May, Lenny Bruce, Shelly Berman and, at a pinch, Mort Sahl; Germany, in its twenties' heyday, had had a string of acetic political cabarets; France had its *chansonnières*. But if one went in search of English satire, one had to mill about in the eighteenth century for names like Congreve and Wycherley.

Almost as a response to this exhortation, the *Fringe* foursome arrived on the West End. Within months, Peter Cook had opened The Establishment, "London's First Satirical Night Club," and the Fringe-copycats in revues and elsewhere began maligning public figures and national traits with childlike glee.

The movement soon developed its own house organ, a mimeographed paper called *Private Eye* which featured the intimate thoughts of leading politicians in comic-strip balloons above their heads. Nicholas Luard, who owns The Establishment, appropriated the new magazine and the Satire Elite began to close its ranks.

David Frost, one of The Establishment understudies, has now brought satire to English television; the program called *That Was the Week That Was* (TWTWTW to the in-group) lacerates sensibilities every Saturday night under the incongruous auspices of the staid BBC. True to its title, the program recaps the week's happenings, withering the Mighty and Influential with an impunity that suggests it holds a carte blanche signed by the Queen herself. On the Independent Television Network (commercial) a similar program, *What the Papers Say*, has been dropped because of many lawsuits, but the swing to satire shows no sign of relenting. The West End, having already approved *The Premise* and *The Second City* from the United States, is now regaling itself with *Clap Hands*, a satirical revue from Canada.

Satire, like chaos, is come again, but already one can hear the unmistakable creak of a fad running down. At first the irreverence was refreshing. England had never seen notables like Macmillan and Lord Home through the hard squint of an ironic focus. But from relevant comment to satirical gimmickry is a short step and at The Establishment (to cite the Mecca) it has already been taken. The last show was a strained university concoction, and the routinized

Charles Marowitz, a New Yorker and one-time off-Broadway critic for The Village Voice, *has been living in London since 1956. He reviews plays for* The Observer *and other English publications; is the director of In-Stage and experimental theatre, and has written a book on acting,* The Method as Means.

The first full-scale report on the patterns of Communist penetration in Africa and Asia

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formats of parody now bore the same public they used to delight.

A critic writing in *The Guardian* put his finger on it when he said that satire was always significant to the degree that it was threatened, that satire and safety were incompatible. Despite inexhaustible supplies of ammunition and barrages at close range, English satire has not succeeded in wounding anybody. The politicians and celebrities laugh along with the bright Cambridge wits and nobody takes offense. The great tonic of Lenny Bruce's visit last year was the fact that people really hated what was being said, talked back and walked out. Bruce, ironically, wasn't trying to alienate anybody; he was simply being his own scatalogical self.

No matter how arch the material may be, or how ingenious the conceit, the overriding fact here is that there is no social impetus for hard-pronged, political satire. Nobody really despises anything as hotly as the tone might lead one to believe. There is a certain amount of contempt for Tory principles and a long-standing distaste for the smug, imperturbability of The Establishment mind, but this has been a subject for comedy since Tom Robertson wrote *Caste* 100 years ago.

The great hoo-ha has been the American scene. Performers here talk piously of the "Chicago movement," the hungry i, Greenwich Village. But even in America the satire is mealy-mouthed and peripheral. Mort Sahl is only a Bob Hope with political awareness; and Shelly Berman is little more than a male Ruth Draper. The real twentieth-century satirists are writers like Miller, Burroughs and Mailer and, true to the tradition, they are stomped on and despised by the hierarchy. Perhaps English satire has taken the wrong models.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage* is a beautiful play. Written in 1938-39 and first produced in Zurich in 1941, it is one of the peaks of dramatic writing in this century. Its production by the Berliner Ensemble in 1951 under the direction of its author and Erich Engel ranks among the truly great works of theatre art in our time. Done all over the Continent, the play is a modern classic.

I say all this at once because I wish my readers to see the play, despite the severe shortcomings of its production at the Martin Beck Theatre under Jerome Robbins' direction.

I cannot predict what an audience unfamiliar with the play will think of it now, but I hope that the New York production will not be used as evidence that Brecht is the bore which some folk through inverted snobbism (or ignorance) have recently declared him to be, and which he was in certain unfortunate American productions. My guess is that, despite present handicaps, the play still comes through to the audience with some part of its force and grandeur intact.

It requires great artistry for a modern writer to achieve pristine effectiveness and epic scope with apparently primitive means. That is what Brecht has done. There is something almost medieval, peasantlike and penetratingly poignant in the simplicity of *Mother Courage*. Brecht possesses folk canniness and mother wit, a shrewdness of vision based on intimate experience of life's basic realities. He is both skeptical and direct; his language combines the accents and vocabulary of street and stable with the purity and majestic rhythm of Martin Luther's Old Testament German. The play seems massively sculptured in wood.

Mother Courage is not "propaganda"; not an anti-war tract. It is a comic narrative that mounts to tragedy. Its central figure is a woman without a "soul," an earth-bound creature astray in the miserable current of history. Virtually illiterate, Mother Courage makes a bare living, supports her three children (each the offspring of a different father) by supplying odds and ends—brandy and belts, chickens and buttons—to the roving armies (Catholic and Protestant alike) during the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century. She has allegiance to no cause but survival and the care of her brood. She is a pack horse and a "profiteer" of war. She hasn't the dimmest idea of what all the shooting is about. Nor does she ever grow wiser, learn a lesson. But the war deprives her of everything—her goods, her children, her indomitable vitality. The only heroic and enduringly innocent person in the play is Mother Courage's daughter, who is a mute. Brecht's use of her in the play is a master stroke.

The play opens on a note of gaiety—like the exciting, hopeful, first days of war. Mother Courage's two sturdy sons are pulling the wagon which conveys her wares and in which she and her family live. "Here's Mother Courage and her wagon!" the quartet sings. "Hey, Captain, let them come and buy! Beer by the jug! Wine by the flagon! Let your men drink before they die!" It's a lark! Slowly, very slowly over a period of twelve years, Mother Courage and her children cross Sweden, Poland, Germany. The wagon ages, diminishes and ends as a shadow of itself—still a burden to "Courage," who now all alone keeps dragging it through the wasted towns and war-torn countryside.

Much of the play is funny with harsh humor and wry wisdom. There are no villains, barely any sentiment, little pathos. No one preaches, no

Autonomy

In the town where every man is king,
Every man has one subject,
Every man bends to his own foot.
Bring on the mirror that he may properly bend.
But who will bring it on?

In the castle where is no hunger and no need,
Every man gives gifts and receives
Gifts: But of these only his own
Enhance him, the ring giver.
He must wear his ring.

Gradually as he resolves the oppression of his edicts,
Losing his fellow lords to dim perspectives,
Monoliths of rock and stone, even
Of reinforced concrete, become before him
Mirrors. He licks the glass.

Josephine Miles

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slogans are enunciated and even the interpolated songs, which serve as choral comment, might be taken simply as "entertainment." All is impersonal; yet in the end we are moved and feel close to life.

The original text contains nine songs. I have the impression that several of these have been cut in New York; probably because, if they were retained, the time allowed to sing and play them might exceed twenty-four minutes and the Musicians' Union would list the production as a "musical." According to the regulations, this classification would entail the employment of twenty-four musicians at heavy cost.

My supposition strikes me as typical of the obstacles that stand in the way of a fitting production for such a play as *Mother Courage*. But there are obstacles beyond this perhaps minor one (the words of the songs—superb in the original and still admirable in Eric Bentley's translation — are imperfectly heard as they are delivered at the Martin Beck).

The Brecht (Berliner) production is so intimately related to the text as to seem identical with it. (That is what I mean when I speak of "theatre art.") The actors, the direction, the sets, the props and the time allowed at the Berliner Ensemble for all these to become part of a unified fabric and meaning are what made *Mother Courage* everything I have declared it to be. Very little of this is possible in our theatre.

Anne Bancroft, who plays Mother Courage, is a charming actress with a heart-warming smile and a generous honesty of spirit. She is too contemporary, too locally urban, too young, too soft to do much more than indicate the part. (She puts on age by an obvious change of wig; the later one being much too white.) Of the land, the soil, the devastation of the world she crosses, there is hardly a trace. Most of the company is in even sorrier plight. Zohra Lampert as the mute daughter is appealing. Barbara Harris as a camp follower is an actress of exceptional gifts. Hers is the best performance, and her last scene as the gilded, disease-ridden whore turned into a puffy "colonel's lady" is, despite a note of burlesque, a treat.

The sets are simplified beyond Brecht, whose visual austerity was so artful that Parisian critics when they saw his production spoke of its several hundred shades of brown. But if Robbins wanted his sets (credited to Ming Cho Lee) bare, why did he have all sorts of journalistic photographs projected against the background to make "editorial" points where none are needed? Indeed, in view of the play's style, they are altogether pointless. A revolving stage is imperative for this play; it evokes the sweep of Mother Courage's endless trek across Europe. Pulling the wagon in circles around a stationary stage, as Anne Bancroft and the others are obliged to do, simply looks silly. The props, themselves works of art and so much part of the play's "feel" in the original production, are now Broadway routine.

The inscriptions introducing the scenes should be shown on a screen if they are to retain their fine gravity; they should not be spoken by actors with little voice or impressiveness of manner. The idea of having all the members of the company introduce themselves by name (Anne Bancroft, Mike Kellin, Gene Wilder, et al.) is a parody of Brecht whose style, while eschewing the illusionism of the naturalistic, is more *real* as well as more theatrical than most of our so-called realistic productions.

If Robbins wanted to do an original production he should really have been original; otherwise he should have remained as faithful to Brecht as materially possible. In one respect fidelity and duplication proved a mistake: while Paul Dessau's score was ideal for Brecht's words it does not blend happily with Bentley's.

For all that, and though hardly any translation can do Brecht's writing full justice, *Mother Courage* manages to remain impressive.

ART

Hilton Kramer

Exhibitions of the art of the past, even of the recent past, fall into two general categories: the aesthetic and the historical. In the first, the selection of each object is determined exclusively by its individual artistic quality, and the exhibition is concerned to show us a particular artist or style at the highest—and only the highest—point of realization. Exhibitions of this type tend to be small, highly concentrated, devoted above all to conveying the quintessence of an achievement. It is, in fact, achievement rather than growth, process or aspiration that is the principal concern of the aesthetic exhibition; its focus is narrow, impersonal and impatient of failure and experiment. The aesthetic exhibition is based on the assumption that art is most meaningful—is, perhaps, only meaningful—when it is most fully realized; that anything falling short of perfect realization belongs to the realm of experience, which it is the function of art to transcend.

Exhibitions of this sort, based, as they must be, on a perfect confidence in one's ability to determine what constitutes a fully realized work of art, have practically passed out of existence. In their place we now have the historical exhibition, in which process and experiment are everything, and achievement exists on an equal footing with failure. In the historical exhibition, it is the artist's aspiration—its sources, its growth, perhaps even its peculiar confusions —that provides the principal momentum. The fully realized work of art is only one interest among many that an exhibition of the historical type seeks to document. Whereas the organizer of the aesthetic exhibition deals with an artist's *oeuvre* the way a poet deals with his experience, se-

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lecting those parts in which the whole may be subsumed and clarified, the organizer of the historical exhibition proceeds as a kind of research biographer, accumulating all the available evidence and letting it speak for itself.

The survey of the work of the German painter, Emil Nolde (1867-1956), which Dr. Peter Selz has organized at the Museum of Modern Art, is an exhibition in the prevailing historical mode. Consisting of more than 200 paintings, water colors and prints, it gives us what is by far the amplest view of this important Expressionist artist we have yet had in this country. Everyone with an interest in Expressionism, and in Northern European art generally, will be grateful for this amplitude; and yet the exhibition leaves one wondering, none the less, whether so wide-ranging and indiscriminate a view of Nolde's art at the present moment might not serve to blur rather than sharpen our understanding both of Nolde's peculiar achievement and of the general character of Expressionist art.

Nolde is not an artist who offers us a great variety of either form or motif. Some of his work deals with religious subjects; most of it is drawn directly from his passionate and mystical response to the world around him. He was not a man of wide culture, intellectual curiosity or cosmopolitan sophistication. Compared with the greatest artists of the Expressionist style—the Norwegian Munch, the Austrian Kokoschka, and the German Beckmann—Nolde was decidedly provincial. This is not an idle point of biographical information. It goes to the heart of Nolde's limits as an artist, for the Expressionist style was born of a conflict between a pantheistic and supra-rational loyalty to nature, on the one hand, and a deep involvement with the radical ideas and social turmoil of modern city life, on the other. This conflict was at the very core of the Expressionist dialectic. Only an artist who felt equally bound by each term of the dialectic, who saw in this conflict a deep reflection of his own divided nature, in which instinct and culture lived in an uneasy and constantly shifting alliance—only such an artist could carry the Expressionist style to its complete fulfillment.

Although Nolde moved from time to time in the world of artists and the theatre and lived a good deal in Berlin, his personal culture remained that of a suspicious outsider whose narrow view of experience, gleaned from his life in the stark but visually dramatic plain of the German-Danish border country, certainly deepened but never widened. His sensibility remained forever untouched by the kind of intellectual enlightenment that lay behind the anguish of the great Expressionist masters and provided them with the stimulus and the means for transforming their difficult experience into some of the most intense and compelling art of this century. Nolde's strength as an artist lay precisely in the depth of his feeling, not in its range or variety. His vision was concentrated, but radically circumscribed; it lacked complexity. Once his art had entered on its course, it scarcely "developed" at all, but simply stood its ground, rising and falling as circumstance, inspiration and the accidents of history dictated.

Now an artist whose development is limited to so few basic elements, and whose art varies a good deal in quality but not in conception, is not an ideal subject for a crowded exhibition in the historical mode. Nolde's failures are not interesting attempts to deal with new areas of experience, but only unrealized versions of the same kind of effort he made in his best work. The exhibition that Dr. Selz has brought to the Modern is thus one in which we are made to cope simultaneously with a few powerful pictures — extremely sensual, primitivist, at times even brutal — and a multitude of less powerful, often quite slack, and occasionally ludicrous pictures that inevitably diminish our grasp of what the artist achieved.

Of course one can go through this show and select for oneself a small aesthetic exhibition out of the vast historical assemblage — and in fact, one does—but the effect scarcely enhances our appreciation of the artist and his vision. There is a quality in paintings such as *Wildly Dancing Children* (1909), *Dance Around the Golden Calf* (1910), *Candle Dancers* (1912), *Nusa lik* (1914), the three paintings of Russian peasants (1914-15) and a few of the later landscapes and seascapes — a pitch of emotion that finds a swift and emphatic embodiment in the way the paint is applied and the exact character of light and gesture rendered — that is simply mocked in a good many other paintings.

The level of accomplishment is more consistent in the galleries devoted to Nolde's graphic art and water colors; particularly the latter, for there is a lyric and exquisite quality in Nolde's vision that fully emerges only in his water colors of flowers and landscape. Perhaps the intimacy of that medium, combined with a subject matter that stood at the farthest possible remove from the cosmopolitan world he neither admired nor understood — the subject matter that commanded his deepest, and perhaps his only, emotional loyalty — released a vein of feeling different in kind from his normal response to life.

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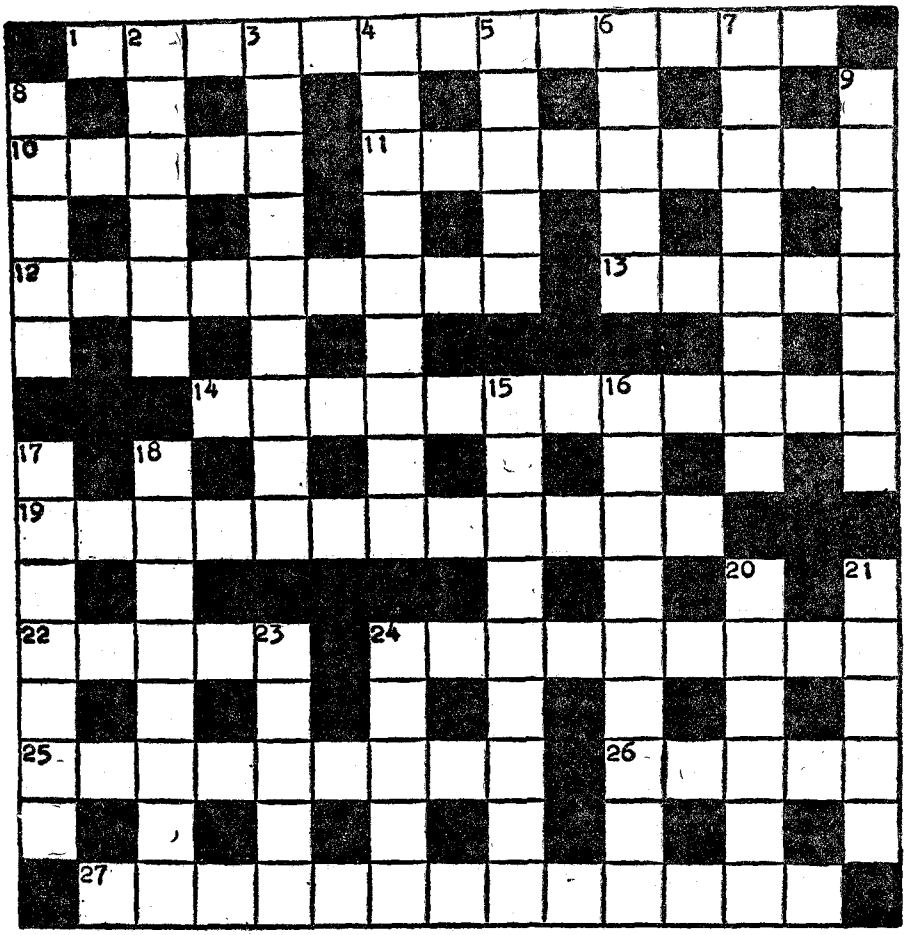
Crossword Puzzle No. 1006

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Not like certain television shows, wrapped up in a parcel uncut as this might be. (13)
10 Is this animal one of the classic ghosts? (5)
11 Cast in ill fashion, considering the small quantity involved. (9)
12 These could be quite a drain on the land, though housewives wouldn't want them stopped. (9)
13 The rhyme of "The Bells"? (5)
14 You might find this kind over dirt — exemplified by taking a cab for Manhattan. (5, 2, 5)
19 Previous plans might be floral or musical. (12)
22 Miss Otis wasn't able to. (5)
24 This local production should have topped "H.M.S. Pinafore." (9)
25 Halted, in a manner of speaking. (9)
26 The last of the series? Look in on the home games! (5)
27 Just sore, or resting because of worsening condition. (13)

DOWN:

2 Giving title to something? (6)
3 Although associated with the draft, at heart the Dictator is dear to the French. (9)
4 And what is life in Paris, as one says with a 24 down? (4, 2, 3)
5 How a girl goes wrong? (5)
6 Complete say? (5)
7 U.N. Charter? (8)
8 See 15 down
9 Land roughly suited to make-up traditional before Lent. (7)
15 and 8 down Junior, at high school perhaps, reputedly acts conventionally. (3, 6, 5)
16 The type such as mine don't really look for a lucky strike. (9)
17 Its job should be steady, at any rate. (7)
18 Nebraska's capital has the sort of cut-rate environment which leads to being cut off. (8)
20 Is "self" a substitute? (Precede to give up the sound.) (6)
21 One way to teach deception. (5)
23 Seven cities claimed him. (5)
24 See 4 down. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1005

ACROSS: 1 Hydrants; 5 and 10 Schoolteacher; 11 Pierrot; 12 Honor; 13 Oversteps; 14 Atlas; 16 Top-heavy; 19 Question; 22 Easel; 24 Heartache; 26 Plugs; 28 Riotous; 29 Fragile; 30 Beyond; 31 Playpens. DOWN: 1 Hatchway; 2 Drawn; 3 Aphorisms; 4 Turnout; 6 Crews; 7 Ourselves; 8 Latest; 9 Upkeep; 15 Laudatory; 17 Exemplary; 18 Glistens; 20 In case; 21 Needful; 23 Cherub; 25 Thorn; 27 Unite.

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WALK OUT ON WAR

WORK FOR A WORLD-WIDE GENERAL STRIKE BY STRIKING ON MAY 8th, 1963

Demand that all governments stop making nuclear and biological weapons as a first step toward total disarmament and that our government take this first step now.

PURPOSE OF THE MAY 8th STRIKE:

We call on all the people of the world, of all political convictions, to join the world-wide General Strike movements and three million Belgian workers (the **Mouvement du Huit Mai**), to show the governments that we will not cooperate in our own extermination. All our labor is perverted to support the Cold War. A General Strike is the most effective non-violent means by which large numbers of people can resist the militarism of their governments without breaking the law.

On May 8th, millions of Belgian workers, including the members of two of its leading trade unions, will stop work in commemoration of V-E Day, May 8th, 1945, when World War II ended in Europe. They have chosen this day to protest the intensification of the Cold War by the NATO and Warsaw Pact governments. They will stop work to show these governments the power of the people to refuse to be part of the nuclear war system.

BEFORE MAY 8th:

Organize General Strike for Peace committees in your community and neighborhood, for this and following strike calls.

1. Call a meeting in your home, shop or office to start a committee to plan a May 8th demonstration and to promote the idea of the General Strike for Peace. (Write to the N. Y. Committee for names of those near you, General Strike supporters in 32 states and 18 nations.)

2. Contact trade unions, other peace organizations, social and fraternal groups in your area. Ask them to be sponsors of your committee, and ask the groups to advocate the May 8th Strike in their publications and mailings.

3. Send press releases to newspapers, radio, television, magazines before you undertake each action. Most papers and almost all TV stations are anxious to cover peace activities, but they must know about any action at least 24 hours in advance. Please send clippings and reports of coverage to the N. Y. Committee.

4. Organize shop and office closings. Ask employers to discuss the issues with their employees, to determine how such closings can be cooperatively arranged. Publicize the results.

5. Continue to boycott goods made by manufacturers of war materials. Be creative and permissive. Encourage any form of non-violent protest.

ON MAY 8th:

1. Stop work. Take time off from your job. Picket where you work to explain your action and urge fellow employees to join you in the Strike. Picket when workers are arriving and leaving and during lunch hour. Don't buy anything all day.

2. All those striking or supporting the Strike are asked to wear armbands with GENERAL STRIKE FOR PEACE printed on them.

3. In support of the action of the Belgian workers you are asked to stop whatever you are doing wherever you are at 11 A.M., and observe 15 minutes of silence.

4. One major demonstration during the day should be planned by each local Strike committee, for a show of strength and solidarity.

5. During the day individuals and small groups of housewives, the unemployed, and students should undertake demonstrations and picketing in their communities, and at war plants, Civil Defense headquarters, Army and Navy recruiting stations, etc. Parents and students should picket school boards that order air-raid drills.

This strike is the third in a series. We shall continue calling for a General Strike until we obtain total disarmament and conversion to a peace economy.

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